

THE MORNING AFTER THE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION
WHEN ALL THE RIGHT PEOPLE LOST

There are all these teachers in the office; some of them have their heads in their hands making a fairly attractive grief tableau.

"Where did those guys come from? Up until yesterday I thought we'd win going away."

I get my mail, check the weather again. If it would just start to pour, the track would come up sloppy and the front-runners could scamper home like sissies. But this stuff means Goo City which means longshots which means nobody I know will have a winner and all afternoon I can watch The Gadabouts in their support stockings cash \$64.00 ducats.

Going out the door I hear that now the birches are going to take over. Well, what the hell. I'll be out of a job but think of all those pretty trees filling up the halls.

Outside the sky takes ten and the sun comes down in freight elevators. The earth steams like brontosaurus country, like brontosauri might come across the parking lot and eat the computer center and the girls' gym.

Any why not? On a day like this, on a track like that, anything can happen.